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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ABOVE THE STORMS.

Above the storms and thunder jars
That shake the eddying air,
Away beneath the naked stars,
Rises the Mount of Prayer.

The cumbering bars of mortal life
Here break and fall away,
And the harsh noise of human strife
Comes never. Let us pray!

Father, may thy serener light
Reveal my nature true,
And all its pages, dark and bright,
Lie open to my view.

I've mingled in the battle din,
That shakes the plains below;
And passions born of earth and sin
Have left their stains, I know.

How silent move thy chariot wheels
Along our camping ground,
Whose thickly folding smoke conceals
Thy camp of fire around!

We tremble in the battle's roar,
Are brave amid its calm;
And, when the fearful fight is o'er,
We snatch thy victor palm.

On surface knowledge we have fed,
And missed the golden grain;
And now I come to Thee for bread
To sate this hunger pain.

No gift I bring, nor knowledge fine,
Nor trophies of my own;
I come to lay my heart in thine,
O Lamb amid the throne!

All that the Father hath is thine,—
Thus does thy word declare,—
So the full stream of life divine
Flows from the Godhead there.

That good I seek, yet not alone
The hungered heart to fill,
But as the angel nigh the throne
Made swift to do thy will;

Thy will, unmingled, Lord, with mine,
That makes all service sweet,
And, charged with messages divine,
Puts wings upon my feet.

—*Edmund H. Sears.*

THE DIVINE LIFE PLAN.

ROMANS viii. 28–30.—"*All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate: . . . whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.*"

If a peasant, on some clear evening, were to look up to the heavens, he would see nothing but a wilderness of lights,—stars, and star dust, strown at random through the fields of space. The main work of science is to detect in this wilderness the principle of arrangement. And, as far as this is done, every drop of star dust becomes part of a system, and there is no atom that is not in its place and doing its work in the universe. Just so it is with events, with all that enters into human history and experience. Our human life seems at first chaotic, and things happen to us according to no principle of order. But all our later experience goes to detect this order; and, could we see the whole, no event would stand

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separate, and all the star dust would be formed into worlds.

It is not much to have a mere general acknowledgment of a Divine Providence. There is no Christian doctrine more abused and perverted, for there is hardly any calamity which flows from human wickedness which is not laid off upon the providence of God. We are very apt to lose one grand and vital distinction. There are two kinds of providence, acting according to the free will and purpose of man. There is the providence which leads on, marks out the way, urges, compels even, by shutting us off from one line of action and shutting us into another. Then there is the providence which only follows; which allows a thing to be done, but does not lead on to its doing; which will not break in upon man's agency, though he plunge into the blackest crime, but goes after and mitigates. Hence, there is a directing providence and a preventive providence. One leads us if we will be led. The other follows us whether we will be led or not, keeps its hand upon us, and subordinates even our crimes to its eternal purpose. You will observe in the text, it is the providence that leads and draws us on which is described,—not that which would *prevent* merely, but which would attract and win; not Calvin's dogma of decrees, but God's adaptations to man, by arranging the events of life according to his supreme and heavenly order.

I. A divine plan is distinctly marked out, within which every regenerating man is drawn and kept by a chain that cannot break. Mark the steps. "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate; whom he did predestinate, them he also called; whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Let us pause a little upon these terms. They have been petrified into dogmas. But, rightly rendered, they give us a Christian view of life so much above the times of the apostle as to avouch its divine origin; and we shall alike admire its sublimity, and be soothed with its consolations.

"*Foreknowledge.*" With God there cannot be any foreknowledge which comes from forecalculating future events; for God, unlike us, sees events wrapped up in their causes. If an acorn could be transparent, and you should hold it up to the solar microscope, you would see in the germ of it the future oak outlined distinctly in all its branches. And in a handful of acorns you would see perspectively the lofty and wide-spreading forest. So, doubtless, God sees all that is to be, the whole future in the present; things to be are as things that are; all that we are, beneath the deepest scope of our self-consciousness, is open to him, and therefore he knows all that is to come of it. For our natural life, down to the smallest events and happenings, is but the flower and foliage of our spiritual life, even to the branches and the stems and the fluttering leaves.

"*Predestinate.*" More rigidly rendered, *limited beforehand.* And the meaning is, most clearly, the Lord prearranged our life plan, so that all events should be fitted into it, and every thread and fibre in a man's surroundings be so woven and adjusted as best to secure the end. This is the preordering, exactly suited to the most propitious unfolding of one's spiritual being.

"*Calling.*" This is more than arranging events for us and adjusting circumstances. It is God speaking to the inward mind, now open to the tidings of higher things. It is the divine law lying audibly upon the conscience. It is that stage of the human experience sure to come with every man when there is the call and the answer between God and his child. On one side, "Hearken to my voice!" On the other, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The solemn period this, when you wake up to the necessity of moral choosing by that voice within the soul which comes louder than the sound of many waters over the clamor of our self-interests and passions.

"*Justified.*" Better rendered, made righteous; for that comes when the calling is obeyed,—not an imputed and make-believe righteousness, but being made an obedient subject of the law of Right, laid with supreme authority upon the conscience, making you yielding and pliant under it as a little child.

"*Glorified.*" This, in Scripture phrase, has a meaning exceedingly definite. It is not translation into some heaven of material splendor. What it means we know very well from what is called "the glorification" of our Saviour. That was when the inmost divine life came out in all its fulness, in place of the lower and earthly life which it displaced forever; and then he was transfigured to his disciples, or to John, in vision clothed in heavenly majesty. So of his followers. To be glorified is to have our highest, most heavenly frames pass over into the outward life and practice, till they become the Christian's daily habit, his spontaneous adornment and grace. "Be ye transformed," says the apostle, "by the renewing of your mind." It is the outward man transfigured by the inward, taking the

colorings of the spirit within, and the clothings of its light and beauty. It is when our moralities are not mere duties and tasks laid upon us, but the outgoings of the heart and reflections of its love light alone. Before we reach this we do good and talk good outwardly and by compulsion of law. Now the Christian changes into the image and likeness of his Saviour, even as the shining ones. Before this, in the figure of old Cudworth, we are like dead instruments of music, to be played upon by the musician's hand. After this, it is as if "the spirit of music embodied itself in the instrument and lived in the strings, and made them of their own accord dance up and down and warble out their harmonies." And observe how being "glorified" follows after being "justified" how the all-beautiful law is first laid upon us outwardly to be obeyed as a command, but afterwards enters inwardly as our life and love. In the words of Job, "I put on righteousness and it clothed me, and justice was my robe and diadem."

These, then, are steps on the stairs to heaven. Such is the divine plan that involves us. And you see how one stage follows on the one before, and grows out of it; how the divine knowledge that sees all our future in what we are, weaves about us the life plan adapted to its end; how that brings us to the place where his voice becomes audible, and he calls; how obedience to the call brings us under the all-plastic law; how this, from an outward rule, becomes an inward and renewing life, till our daily moralities reflect its light and are glorified in it. Such is the perfect plan into which God seeks to put each one of us; into which he does draw every soul pliant enough for the mouldings of his providence. And I think you will agree with me that the consciousness of being involved in such a plan as this gives an indescribable dignity to human life, and makes its meanest adjuncts, down even to the dust and the straw we tread on, to glitter with a light which is not their own; that the house which is the humblest and whose furniture is the meanest, if only its work come into this plan and arrangement, borrows a lustre from above, and must seem to God's angels who look down upon it as when the sunlight blazes from cottage windows. There is no waste page, no stray leaf from your book of life. You must see, if involved in such a plan, how it lights up all your cares, hallows all your griefs, dignifies your most servile labors; for it takes them all up and unifies them in a system that works for immortal ends. As quaint old Herbert says,—

"Who sweeps a room, as for thy law,
Makes that and th' action fine."

When Columbus was on his first voyage of discovery and was approaching the shores of the New World, he was steering straight towards the Florida coast; but at that time a flock of sea-birds flew across the track of his vessel. "Methinks," said one of his men, "that here is a sign from heaven. Something tells me we ought to follow the track of these birds." Columbus partook of the same superstition and turned his keel. In so doing he turned in some sort the destiny of two continents. He turned the whole course of modern history. And, if, in shaping the future of a continent down the long centuries in its customs, laws, and language, there is a providence that guides the sea-birds in their flight, will you not believe that in our personal history, as he leads us and ripens us for heaven, not a sparrow falls on the ground without your Father?

We come, then, to a truth of exceeding interest. Men are ready enough to acknowledge in the gross that God has some system of the universe and takes care of it. Why will you not see the particulars which this general truth involves? If this be so, why will you not see that he has a special plan for each one of you and tries to keep you in it? Every man by his original make and capacity is unlike every other man, and needs therefore a training and development of his own; needs some adjustment of circumstances unlike every other man; so that the good which is to be wrought out from his condition, and the character to be formed from it, shall have original shapings and colorings. To be saved in the full meaning of that word is not merely to go to heaven, but to have wrought out the special end and to have formed in you the individual excellence for which God made you. He has not only his plan of the universe, but his plan of each man's life, and from behind the veilings of his providence is leading him in ways that he does not know; giving him temptations, trials, crosses, joys, and sorrows, which are all his own. The thought may startle us at first, but the inference is inevitable, from our subject, that he not only marked out the pathway of the worlds, but that your path and mine were sketched in the book of God before we entered them.

II. But we are not like the things of nature held passively in the divine plan. We can take ourselves out of it if we will. That is to say, we can renounce providence that leads us, and place ourselves in that which is only sequacious and preventive. One, as I said, leads us and urges us. The

other follows us. One draws, encloses, organizes our whole life, physical, spiritual, and eternal, into its own supreme order. But we can renounce all this. We can break away from God's order and try to make one of our own. We can renounce his plan and follow our own self-will. Shall not his providence still fold us in? Yes, but it is no longer the providence that goes before and draws us: it is that which goes behind and looks after us. The first entices us with all heavenly attractions. The other follows on after evil, tempers it, balances it, subordinates it, and keeps it from a lower abyss. The field of the one slopes upward into the heavens: the field of the other slopes downward into the deeps. In the one, man is an end in himself, and the divine purpose is wrought out within him. In the other this end has so far failed, and man—as in the case of Pharaoh—is degraded into a means and instrument of something else. In the one the divine providence confers the greatest possible good: in the other it prevents the greatest possible ill. The directing providence draws him who tries to climb upward, engirds him with invisible helps, makes his foot firm on every stair where he plants it, till he stands on the serene summits at last. The preventive providence still places an arm under every man that falls, breaks his fall, and lets him down the abyss with the least of wounding and laceration; for there is no malignity in the punishments of God. So the Psalmist, "If I ascend into heaven, thou art there. If I descend and make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

I hope the distinction is plain, but I illustrate. Some years ago a vessel went to the South Sea Islands with a Methodist missionary, who felt impelled by a divine urgency. He carried the good news of Christ to a people who lived by murder and ate human flesh. By incredible perseverance and sacrifice he gained many of them, and they were changed into Christian men and women. There was another vessel that sailed to the Guinea coast, where the crew landed to burn negro villages and capture slaves, and they opened the slave-trade which has been kept open till now.* I suppose you will agree that the divine providence did draw the good James Calvert into his work and worked with him, and was a guard of fire about him in his perils and sufferings till the curses of cruel men were changed to sweet and tender songs. And you will agree, I think, that the divine providence did not urge John Hawkins to his work of man-stealing, yet followed him in the bloody track and blackened wastes which he left, to bring all possible good out of ill, to temper evil, to subordinate crime, and to make the tophet of slavery work at last in the redemption of a race.

Such is the twofold providence. On one side the view opens upward to the foot of the throne, on the other downward out of sight. Its golden links involve us if we will yield to them, and then they are sure to draw us upward to the blest abodes.

If my subject has come home to you, it has prompted a very practical inquiry. Where in this twofold providence am I inlcuded and involved, in the one which directs and draws me on, or that which only follows and mitigates? that which pulls us up the heavenly stairs, or that which only lets us down the easiest way through the lapses of sin? These questions can be easily answered, and let me go on now and seek the tests by which we can answer them candidly and fairly to ourselves.

1. If we are indeed in the foldings of the providence that directs and urges, we shall be very likely to invoke it, study its signs and manifestations, and be on the watch for its leadings. I do not mean that it will break into our life plan openly, for then it would overwhelm us with its splendors. But no man who looks up daily with the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is left very long without an answer. How very different it is with godless and worldly men: how they keep plunging on and on, with no other guidance than their own self-will, and hence so much of the hurry and fever and scramble in the race of life. Hence the alternate elations of success, or depressions of disappointment, or anxieties and bodings of disaster, by those who never allow those pauses in their affairs, when in the hush of the hour the divine voice could be heard, and the divine tokens could be clearly seen. It is said that, as a people, none are subject to so many accidents and surprises as we. If it be so, it is because we have less of this hush and listening for the divine leadings, but have blotted out the word "providence" and written "luck" in the place of it, and so the door is left wide open for all the devils of confusion to come in. It is a most instructive fact that the men around whom events seem to marshal themselves and conspire together to one end, are men who have been in the habit of looking for and following a divine lead, till finally it comes to them almost consciously, transfused through their very intuitions; and the divine calm comes down upon them and lies about them, where the

* This sermon was preached some time ago.

confusion and the surprises cannot enter. Indeed, the more we seek these divine leadings, the more they will draw us up into the divine counsels, so that under the shadow of that rock which is higher than we, we can watch the motions of the tides and the dashing of the waves, and feel secure with our finite reason, folded in the omniscience of God.

2. Again, if we are involved in that providence which leads and directs, it will shape all our conceptions of the discipline of life, For I suppose all persons come to look upon this world either as mere pleasure-ground or as a school where immortal beings are educated for the skies. How differently from these two standpoints will they interpret all the events of their probation! From the one the question always is, How do they affect my enjoyments? From the other the question always will be, How are they affecting my manhood or womanhood and my attainments for immortality? How different seem our crosses, trials, and failures from those opposite points of view! From one they are so much dead loss, so much abstracted from our pleasures. From the other they fit in and harmonize in the frame of our history, and make a single mosaic where we love to trace the finger of our God. Regard life as a school, and you soon come to ask the meaning of all its environments even where they touch you most painfully. "How did I need this, and what is the message which it brings to me? How does it fit to my inner life, and what is the good I am to extract from it?" Even the great sorrows that come over us like a cloud will not be black with the wrath of God, but they will rather come with those soft droppings of the rain, under which we are sure the tender blade will shoot forth, and the greenness of another spring.

3. There is another test, and a very definite one. What the apostle terms the divine call comes to every man somewhere in the unfolding plan of his life. Yea, God prearranges and preorders our life plan so that this call shall somewhere be very distinct and audible. It is true, no man ever gets quite out of the hearing of it, though the divine voice is muffled and obscured in the whirl of our interests and passions. But how, clear as matin-bells, it sounds through the young conscience as yet unspotted from the world! How sharp and pungent are its urgencies where the young man or young woman stands at the parting of the ways, free to choose the whole business and work of this earthly probation; free to make this world a mere field of pleasure or a field of discipline, where all the faculties are trained for human or divine employments! Here it is that vows of obedience and self-consecration, distinctly taken and recorded in the Book of Life, put you in the divine plan, so sure to draw you up the heavenly stairs that the old theologies name it by such words as "effectual calling," "irresistible grace," and "divine decrees." Indeed, they very well might; for think what ministries watch over you and wait round you when once such a vow has been decisively made and recorded on high. Then the providence that leads and draws is ever with you, for all the happenings of your probation are so toned and organized as to help you on. For, as the apostle puts it, the invisible heavens then close round you to get the victory for you; and in his list of coworkers he places life, death, angels, principalities, height, depth, things present and things to come. All these become yours. And how great is the sin and the shame if, when such ministries watch round us and wait to enfold us, we break out from their charmed circle to where no providence can lead us, but only follow after us; not to give us his best, but only to keep us from our worst in the gulfs of ruin.

These tests are very simple ones. I think they are very decisive; and I have tried to make this distinction in the twofold providence of God sharp and clear, because we are so apt to slide into the world's cant which is only a pernicious fatalism making "all things for the best." They are for the best when we put ourselves within the grapplings of the golden links by which he draws us. They are the best when we have given up our plan for his. Then how blessed it is to live, for that majestic repose called the "peace of God" will be ours. Our consciousness will grow brighter and more profound, that we are living in God's life plan, not ours, and that we are drawn into the central calm of the world's confusions where we hear tidings of invisible things,—

"Of ebb and flow and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

—*Edmund H. Sears.*

Be sparing of your praise; above all, of its highest terms. He who has a heart to appreciate the excellent should call nothing excellent which falls short of being so. Leave yourself some incense worthy of the best; do not lavish it on the merely *good.*—*Margaret Fuller.*

THE STILL HOUR.

BLESSEDNESS.

It is not happiness I seek,
Its name I hardly dare to speak;
It is not made for man or earth,
And heaven alone can give it birth.

There is a something sweet and pure,
Through life, through death it may endure;
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright;
It bids each heart-born tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of love
In silence falling from above,
A conscience clear from wilful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within;

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour,—
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness:
I ask no more, I seek no less.

And yet I know these are too much;
My very being's life they touch;
Without them all, oh! let me still
Find Blessedness in God's dear will.

—*Louisa J. Hall.*

Are you full of peace? *Pray!* Prayer will preserve it to you.

Are you tempted? *Pray!* Prayer will sustain you.

Have you fallen? *Pray!* Prayer will raise you.

Are you discouraged? *Pray!* Prayer will reassure and comfort you.

The young are seldom forbearing, because they so little understand the frailties of poor human nature.

Oh! if you could only witness the terrible struggles passing in the heart of that friend whose vivacity annoys you, whose fickleness provokes you, whose faults sometimes even make you blush. . . .

Oh! if you saw the tears that are shed in secret, the vexation felt against self (perhaps on your account), you would indeed pity them. Love them! make allowances for them! never let them feel that you know their failings.

To make any one believe himself good is to help him almost in spite of self to become so.

Forbearance is even *more* than forgiveness; it is excusing, putting always the best construction upon everything; above all, never showing that some proceeding has wounded us; speaking of any one who has vexed us thus: "She did not think, else she would have acted differently; she never meant to pain me, she loves me too much; she was perhaps unable to do otherwise, and yet suffers at the thought of having displeased me."

For a wounded heart no balm is so efficacious as forbearance.

To forbear is to forget every night the little vexations of the past day, to say every morning: "To-day I shall be braver and calmer than yesterday." Forbearance even sometimes leads us to detect in ourselves a little want of good nature, condescension, and charity.

To forbear is not only freely to forgive, but to meet half-way, with extended hand, those who timidly ask for pardon.—*Gold Dust.*

GLADSTONE'S PRAYER FOR A FRIEND OUT OF SIGHT.

O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be, I beseech thee for *him* whose name and dwelling-place, and every need thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe *him* light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of thy great love.

Grant that *his* life may unfold itself in thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If *he* hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray thee of thy great pity to heal and restore *him*, that *he* may serve thee without hindrance.

Tell *him*, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love *him* and miss *him* and long to see *him* again; and, if there be ways in which *he* may come, vouchsafe *him* to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of *his* nearness in such degree as thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to *his* peace, be pleased of thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of *him* as soon as our trial time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this prayer, and let thy will be done; for my will is blind and erring, but thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address, Miss Clara D. Hoar, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass. "Friendship," Hugh Black; "Marcella," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "My Winter on the Nile," Charles Dudley Warner; "Seven Stormy Sundays," Lucretia P. Hale; "Young Folks' Josephus"; "Elements of Character"; "Browning Year Book"; "Pleasures of Life," Lubbock; "Lady of the Lake," Scott; "Recessional and other Poems," Kipling; "Source and Nature of Electricity"; Bible (revised version); "Queen Mary," drama by Tennyson; "Beauties of Tennyson"; "Pickwick Pictures"; "King Arthur," Mrs. Mulock; "Children of Gibeon," Walter Besant; "Last Days of Pompeii"; "Fair Thoughts for Happy Hours"; "The Deserted Village"; "Autobiography of James Freeman Clarke"; "Kate Field," Lilian Whiting; "Nature and Compensation," Emerson; "Democracy, and Other Addresses," Lowell; "The Preacher," Emerson; "Nature Reader," No. 3; "Elementary German"; Wentworth's "Primary Arithmetic"; "Some Ill-used Words"; Wentworth's "Exercises in Alegbra"; Harrington's "Spelling Book"; Bradbury's "Eaton's Practical Arithmetic"; "Tales from Blackwood."

For the following, please apply to Miss Nathalia Bent, Canton, Mass.: "Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry," Steele; "New Plane and Solid Geometry," Wentworth; "Lessons in Geometry"; "Principles of Rhetoric," Hill; "Industrial Science Drawing," Warren; "Practical Arithmetic," Eaton; "Elementary Algebra," Bradbury; "Academic Algebra," Wells; "History of Greece," Fyffe; "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy," Steele; "Geography," Hall; "Latin Lessons," Tetlow; "Latin Grammar"; "New Latin Primer"; "Practical Latin Composition"; "Gradation"; "Course in Cæsar"; "Viri Romæ," Andrews, "Studien und Plaudereien," Stern; German "Exercises," Stein; "German Lessons"; "Brief German Grammar"; "Sprach Buch," Bernhardt; "Das deutshe Buch," Van Daell and Schrakampf; "The Alhambra."

For the following please apply to Miss A. M. Storer, 476 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.: "Deutsche Novelleten Bibliothek," selected by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt; "Iphigenie auf Tauris," Goethe; "Signa, die Seterin," Theodor Mügge; "Herman und Dorothea," Goethe; "Die Journalisten," Gustav Freytag; "Nathan der Weise," Lessing; "Vergissmeinnicht," Gustav zu Putlitz; "Rosenresli," Johanna Spyri; "Er muss Tanzen," C. A. Paul; "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," Auerbach; "Contes Fantastiques," Hoffmann; "Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son Chat."

REQUESTS.

1. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of you, and perhaps none of you now have any recollection of me, as so many years have passed since I have written or held any communication with you. Perhaps there may yet be some among you who remember me as Mary H. Pittinger, of Indiana, and that I married and came to Massachusetts eleven years ago, and after a time dropped out of your knowledge. I am thinking whether I might not take the liberty of writing you again, as I once received so much pleasure through your kindness. I do not ask for much, only a trifle, to help a little to brighten a rather lonely life. If you remember me at all, you know I used to ask only for reading matter, but that would be of little use to me now as I have so much trouble with my eyes that reading or sewing is almost impossible, though I might enjoy a few magazines occasionally. Neither can I answer many letters, if any. I see very few people and at times am very lonely indeed. I came to Massachusetts eleven years ago, a stranger, and a stranger I am still. I hope that all the people in the Commonwealth are not as they are here. It must be that some are more kindly disposed towards strangers, else I should imagine there must be a great many lonely ones within her borders. Now, dear ladies, all I ask of you is that as many of you as care to take the trouble will send me a souvenir post card from your home city, or wherever you may happen to be on your summer trips. Trusting you will not think I am asking too much, I wish you all everything good. Mrs. M. H. Lincoln, East Norton, Mass. R. F. D., Box 35.

2. Mrs. Clara A. Welch, St. Albans, Maine, regrets that her disability to use her eyes pre-

vents her being able to thank each one personally that have so kindly remembered her. Will her correspondents please take this as a personal expression of her gratefulness?

3. Any reading will be appreciated by Mrs. Nellie M. Withee and Mrs. J. Edythe Osborne, St. Albans, Maine.

4. *Dear Mrs. Porter,*—I want to thank the kind friends for sending me reading, and desire to have my address changed to Rhoadesville instead of Locust Grove. Some friend sends me the *Outlook* which I am anxious to receive, but do not know who sends it, but enjoy it very much and hope to receive it still. Address, Mrs. R. C. Duval, Rhoadesville P.O., Orange County, Virginia.

5. A box of magazines came to-day with just enough of the tag left for me to make out "Alliance of Unitarian Women," but no address upon it. As it contained several copies of the *Cheerful Letter*, I will send our thanks to the Mt. Vernon Street address, hoping thus to reach the sender of the box. We most truly thank you for the magazines, and are making up packages to go into the distant camps as fast as possible, one box having left since the arrival of yours this noon. There was half a dollar to pay for bringing the box from Wallace. We have no fund yet to pay any expenses with, and these people are all very poor, really: some of them suffer during the winter for the plainest food, so we cannot bear the expense of many packages, but we gladly would if we could. The shelves we have put up begin to look very nice, full of nice reading, and the people are so delighted to think they are going to have something really good to enjoy. I do most truly thank you for all you sent. If you know of any other boxes coming to us, please ask them not to send any 1907 *McClures* as we have several full years of it. Yours truly, Florence I. Walker (Mrs. B. F. Walker), The Eyrie, Daisy Gulch, Murray, Idaho.

6. Miss Mattie E. Sale, of Brier Creek, Wilkes County, North Carolina, will be grateful to receive Allen and Greenough's "Virgil," Wentworth's "Complete or College Algebra," "College Requirements in English Literature 1908 and 1909" (adopted by Southern College Association), and "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers."

7. *To the Cheerful Letter,*—I would be so glad to receive any good reading,—*Ladies' Home Journal, Modern Women,* or the *Delineator,* the *Cheerful Letter,* also some story books for my little girl nine years old. Will appreciate any good reading, and will pass it on to others. Mrs. T. A. Greer, Elkville, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

8. I would like very much to personally thank the kind friends who responded so promptly to my request of a short time back; but, as no names have been sent with the magazines, that is impossible. Not only have the magazines given me the information I so much needed in the care of my flowers, but they have been more interesting reading than the best novel, and I have enjoyed them far beyond the power of words to express. *The Garden Magazine* and *Floral Life* are both *grand,* and the issue of *Vick's* is a mine of useful hints on flower culture. I most heartily thank the senders and hope some time to have the chance of telling them in a more satisfactory way of the great pleasure they are giving me. (Mrs.) M. L. Daniel, Farmville, Virginia.

P.S.—I hope, dear Mrs. Porter, that I have transgressed none of the rules in addressing this letter to you. How my heart goes out in love and gratitude to all of you dear, sweet people, who are doing such a noble work in brightening the lives of so many who, like myself, are virtually "Shut-ins," made so by their almost complete isolation from the outside world! Lovingly and gratefully. M. L. D.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO OBEY: HOW MARY OSBORNE TRIED JOHNNY.*

When Mary Osborne, on her walk with Johnny to the willow seat, where she was going to sit and read while he amused himself with fishing in the brook near by, related to him the stories of the disobedient captains, which she made up for the occasion with a view of awakening in his mind some idea of the excellence and moral beauty of obedience, and he made those positive declarations that henceforth he should certainly always obey all her commands, it will be recollected that she seemed somewhat incredulous in regard to his keeping his promises.

"Oh, no," she said. "You *think* you will always obey me, but when it comes to the point you will fail."

* See article in June number.

"Try me," said Johnny, "just try me, and you will see."

"Very well," said Mary Osborne, "I will try you presently. I will watch for an opportunity to give you a command, and you will see how you will contrive to have some excuse for disobeying me."

After walking along a few steps and talking on indifferent matters, Mary Osborne pointed to a seat under some trees not far from the path.

"Johnny," said she, "go and sit down upon that seat and stay there till I come back."

Johnny looked up surprised and began to say, "But I want"—when suddenly, perceiving a lurking smile on Mary Osborne's face, his thoughts came to him, and he ran to the seat and sat down. Mary Osborne, after taking a few steps forward, turned round and came back laughing and saying at the same time:—

"Ah, Johnny, I came very near catching you that time, but you were a little too sharp for me. Come."

So saying, she held out her hand for Johnny to come and rejoin her.

"Did I not obey?" asked Johnny.

"Yes," said Mary Osborne, "you did *that* time. But the next time I shall catch you, I am pretty sure. I have got a plan in my mind,—a very cunning plan for catching you."

Johnny was greatly excited to know what the plan was, and finally Mary Osborne allowed herself to be persuaded to tell him.

"I am going to watch until I see a butterfly. Then I shall tell you to run and see if you can catch him. You can run pretty fast now, with your cane. When you get pretty near him, and have your cap in the air all ready to catch him, I shall call out suddenly, 'Johnny, come to me.' But you will be so much interested in catching the butterfly that you will not obey. You will say to yourself, 'I'll catch the butterfly first, and then I will go.'"

"No," said Johnny, jumping and capering about at the same time with excitement, "no, I shall stop running after the butterfly and come to you that very instant."

"Ah," said Mary Osborne, "we shall see."

Talking together in this manner, Mary Osborne and Johnny walked on until they drew near to the willow seat. Mary Osborne did not see any butterfly, it is true; but she tried Johnny in various other ways, as if she were really desirous of catching him in some act of disobedience, while Johnny, on his part, was kept constantly on the alert to avoid getting caught. When they reached their place of destination, Mary Osborne took her place upon the willow seat and opened her book, while Johnny went to the margin of the water and commenced his fishing.

In a few minutes, just as he had become fairly settled at his work, having taken his seat upon a flat stone, and thrown his line into the water, and being just ready to expect a bite, Mary Osborne called out to him:—

"Johnny, take out your line, lay it down upon the bank, and come here."

Johnny hesitated for a moment, but it was only for a moment. He pulled up his line, laid the pole and line down upon the grass, took up his cane, and went to the willow seat as fast as he could go.

"I thought I should catch you that time," said Mary Osborne, "but I did not."

"No," said Johnny, "you didn't catch me that time. Was that all you wanted—to see if I would obey you?"

"That was part," said Mary Osborne, "but not all. I wanted to give you a net to put your fishes in."

So saying, Mary Osborne drew from her pocket a kind of bag net which she had brought, and gave it to Johnny to put any fishes in that he might catch. Johnny was greatly pleased with the net, and, after having received it, he went back to the water.

In this way Mary Osborne gave Johnny a number of commands from time to time, as if she were trying to take him off his guard and catch him in an act of disobedience. She was careful, however, always to have some good reason for every command besides her wish to put his obedience to the test.

In the mean time Johnny was pretty successful in his fishing. He caught several small fishes, and put them in his net, and, whenever he caught one that was a little larger than the average, he always held it up for Mary Osborne to see.

At length, after things had been going on in this way for about an hour, Johnny called out to Mary Osborne:—

"You have not caught me yet, have you, Miss Osborne?"

"No," said Mary, "not yet, but I shall. I have got a command in my mind to give you by and by—and *then*, says I"—

"What is it, Miss Osborne? Tell me what it is—do!"

"No," said Mary, "that is my secret, but you will see. You will have a command by and by that will be a severer test than any you have had yet."

The command that she referred to in saying this was the calling upon him to stop

fishing and wind up his line when it should be time to go home.

Accordingly, when she thought the time had arrived, which was after the lapse of about an hour, Mary Osborne began to put up her work, and called at the same time to Johnny, in a tone of pretended authority, as if she was playing that she was a general giving a command.

"Johnny," said she, "begin to count, and count about as fast as this,—one, two, three, four,—and, as soon as you have got up to twenty, if you don't feel a bite before that time, pull your line out and wind it up."

Johnny turned and looked toward Mary Osborne with an expression of surprise and disappointment in his face, and was just ready to say, "Oh, Miss Osborne, let us stay a little while longer"; but, immediately recollecting himself, he began at once to count, and, as soon as he reached twenty he drew out his line, wound it up, and came to join Mary Osborne, his face beaming with triumph.

"You did not catch me that time, did you, Miss Osborne?"

"No," said she, "I have not caught you at all. I was very sure that I could catch you, but you have beaten me completely, Johnny."

"But then," she added, after a moment's pause, "I have some hope yet, the next time you come here. You see, by the next time you come here to play, you will have forgotten all about this; and, when I give you some command that you don't exactly like, you will disobey. Then I shall have the advantage over you."

"No," said Johnny, jumping and capering about with excitement as he walked along, "no. I shall watch, and shall obey every command you give me!"

It will be seen by this case, which is given as an example of the various kinds of management which Mary Osborne employed in her dealings with children, that, while she was very indulgent in respect to unintentional faults, and was also very gentle, and often playful in her mode of correcting real ones, still, in respect to the *standard* of obedience and duty which she held up before children, and the *measure* of faithfulness which she exacted, she was very strict. Strict and unyielding in regard to the end, but gentle and playful in respect to the means, seemed to be her motto.

By such means as these she gained a great ascendancy over all the children that she had anything to do with, and especially over her scholars in the Sunday-school. Her class made rapid progress, not only in their knowledge of the lessons which they had to recite, but in the practical observance of the principles of duty which the lessons enjoined, and in all their conduct and demeanor.—*"Mary Osborne," by Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

III.

I remember that my *Independent* readers have heard something before about my Morgan mare. That she could reason and reason well I am sure. When in St. Louis I left her one day in my yard, feeding. She had the range of two adjacent lots as well; but they were all fronted with a sharp decline, to a barbed iron fence. Returning home, as I turned from Garrison Avenue, half a block from my door, I heard her calling me. Looking, I could see that she had slipped on the sloping sod, and was lying with two feet fastened in the iron fence. Had she struggled she would probably have broken her legs. Instead she had lain quietly and waited for me. Her call was one of confidence in my ability to help her. I talked with her as I would with a rational being, while I released one foot and then the other she watching intently. "Now," I said, "Lie still, till everything is ready." When I had all four feet braced for a good pressure, I patted her neck and told her what to do. She sprang up with as lively a lot of thank yous as could be put into horse language. That horse never failed me, because I never failed her. Climbing a steep hill, with my wife and baby in the carriage, one corner of the shafts dropped against her legs. She stopped with a brace, looked round and whinnied to me. I said, "Help me all you can, Fanny," and she did. No human being could have done any better. Sending my wife and baby on foot, we managed to get that buggy to the top of the hill, where it could be made secure. A beast without reason would have hurled me to the bottom of a fifteen-foot declivity. She learned to assist me greatly in harnessing, and expressed vexation when this operation was done without skill. Hearing her call me from my barn, where she occupied a basement stable, and I was twenty rods away, I found her neglecting her food and her head bent to shout up a trap door till I came. The calves had broken loose from their apartment, and were making bedlam in the stables. When she heard me, she greeted me with a most satisfied whinny, and turned to her food. I do not

know where precisely to classify such acts except under the head of reason. It certainly is not a crude instinct coming in the way of heredity.

You sometimes find barn wells enclosed by little houses. Going to my neighbor Harding's one day, I found him watering his horses in such a well house. I said, "Neighbor, why do you have this huge well-house?" "Well, sir," he replied, "if you had fourteen horses to water, you would find out why. Horses like to look at that valley just as much as you and I do; and without these boards in front of them, it would take me half the afternoon to water them. I cannot afford the time." I am not sure that all horses enjoy the scenery, but I do know that many of them do. It is silly, or a mark of lack of reason, to put blinders on them. Nor is this the only manifestation of stupidity in our dealing with horses. There are fewer degenerates among the animals than there are among men, and these are made generally by human contact. An animal will not go twice to swallow a poison: man goes until he becomes a sot. Sheridan said, "Shall we drink like men or drink like beasts?" His companions replied, "Like men, of course." "Then," said Sheridan, "we shall get horribly drunk, for an animal never drinks more than it needs."

The cat deserves special consideration, for the very reason that, as generally treated, it becomes a mere beast of prey, destroying more birds than rats, and in that way becoming a nuisance. It certainly brings with it a destroying heredity. But, if a cat has half a chance, it will prove its reasoning powers clearly enough to satisfy any one. I always keep two, because there is no animal that develops more fully the art of play, —an art which educators are just learning to appreciate as an adjunct of reason. They soon solve the looking-glass problem, which our sparrow is still working at. They find out the uses of utensils and door knobs. I have owned more than one who could unlatch doors. While visiting my friend Mitchell of Utica, I heard the doorbell repeatedly ringing, and at last ventured to call his attention to it. "Oh," he said "that is Josh in the cellar. When he wishes to come up stairs he goes to the wires that run through the cellar, and pulls the one that rings our front doorbell." Josh was a haughty fellow, and showed his contempt for ordinary folk. Some years ago one of my big cats, Blacknose we called him, at milking time went with John to the stables and sat on the cow while the operation went on. He then transferred himself to the boy's shoulder, and with purrings of satisfaction came to the house with the pail. When John was out of time, Blacknose hunted him, and plainly told him it was time for milking. Another man being hired, the cat took his station half-way to the barn under a hedge, and, as he came by, sprang out at the man, indicating his dislike for the change. The same cat took so strong a liking to a young friend who spent a winter with me that for weeks after he hunted him in every possible room, including the closets. A fine Maltese used to jump to my shoulder and indicate with both head and tail a desire for a walk. When we reached a little pond where there were frogs, she learned to jump for the fellows, and land her own dinner, and sometimes mine. On the whole, I am strongly sympathetic with those maiden ladies who become warmly attached to their feline friends.

This story is long enough, but I have left out the most intelligent of all our farm creatures, the despised hen—and that will never do. I had a pet hen who walked about the fields with me, keeping up a peculiar hen prattle,—a case of affection as truly as with a collie. One day her leg was broken by an accident. I picked her up, carried her to the house, splintered her leg; then, spreading a canvas over a headless barrel, I cut a slit in the canvas and placed her legs through. She understood the whole affair as well as I did, and talked with me all the while. She remained there, without undertaking to struggle or flutter, for three weeks. We fed her on the canvas, and talked with her as we would with a lame child. When her leg was sound again, I lifted her out, patted her, praised her, and after that she was once more my devoted field companion. I must tell you one more hen story, for to me it was very remarkable. I found, when taking my vacation, that my mother had borrowed a little hen to set on some eggs, because her Brahmas would not set. The little hen had hatched chickens, and was taking excellent care of them. One day I heard her at the kitchen door, making a loud call that never before nor since have I heard from a hen. Going to the door, I found her pacing back and forth across the driveway, picking up a bit of food occasionally, and then going on with her speech. In a few minutes she turned from me, went across our lawn, and straight back to the house from which she had been borrowed. I supposed at first that she was either hungry or that a hawk had caught her chickens. Not a bit of it, for I found her chickens in the pie-plant garden, evidently understanding that they

were weaned. The little lady had come to the door and told me, in hen language, that she had done her duty and was going home. I could tell you much more about these wise and witty fowls, for there is always at least one wise one to every thirty, but the rest you must find out for yourselves.

I have not stepped outside of nor have I at all exhausted my own personal experiences during a long life, in which I have found very few *dumb* animals and almost continuous animal friendship. I have found my inarticulate companions often thoughtful and not seldom eloquent. I am sorry if anybody else fails to find in all the world about him a rational companionship. And yet my little sparrow is pecking at the window, and will not be satisfied that another bird is not challenging him from the inside. There are many more birds and beasts doing what I would not do if I could, and what I could not do if I would. There may be fools among them, but what a lot of practice it must have taken, and what a lot of thinking, before the oriole could swing a basket in the tip of an elm limb and sing rock-a-bye to her babes. I know some basket-weavers among folk, but not one that can begin to do such delicate work as these golden shuttles through the orchard limbs, weaving rare melody with the winds that come to my ears. I am quite sure that the universe is not dead, but alive; and that it is full of conscious purpose, in which all animate creatures have a part. I have learned not to look upon a man as so exceptional in his powers, but as often the wiser, and sometimes the nobler, in the great animal kingdom. Where the lowest animal life manifests only sentience, the higher is evidently possessed of consentience; that is, compared sensations, and these constitute the lower degrees of conscience and consciousness. The higher animals reach even certain degrees of self-consciousness. Possessed of the very highest degrees of self-consciousness, we outreach the rest of the animal kingdom in the power of conceiving and knowing the Self which is not Ourselves, and of worshipping Him in whom we have our being. I am also thoroughly satisfied that the best end of country life, and of life altogether, is not wool, eggs, milk, but that honorable association with all living creatures that leaves in our souls a product above all market price. Nor have I ever in my life killed any living thing for the sport of it; and, as for exercise and the acquisition of health, the hoe is quite as sure to secure it as the gun.—*E. P. Powell, in the Independent*

MACK THE PARROT.

A lady visitor was enthusiastically describing a day's visit to the home of her girlhood, a colonial residence full of antique furniture, china, and relics of old-time grandeur. Mack listened with interest for awhile, but suddenly exclaimed,—

"Well! what of it?"

Of course, we were all convulsed with laughter; but the lady went on:—

"Why, Mackie, these things are very valuable! Such beautiful antique rings, too, and other articles! I wish you could all see them!"

Mack coolly responded,—

"Well, what's the difference?"

He was incorrigible. He quite resented the lady's delight in her old home, and seemed to wish that she would return to her interest in present days and Mackie!

Wishing to cheer him up one cold, stormy day, I said,—

"Mackie can sing and dance and whistle and talk—and think."

To which he added, gratefully,—

"And have the fire."

He is a little fire-worshipper if ever there was one, often inquiring,—

"Has the fire gone out?"

In cold weather he depends upon getting warm in the kitchen, where he can feel the direct heat from the range. One morning I took a fancy to fry some little delicacy for breakfast, and that, finally, involved airing the kitchen, and carrying Mack into the dining-room. He was very unhappy; and, as I worked, I sang a lively air hoping to divert him; but it seems that he called to me through the closed door:—

"Be quiet out there! *You* have the *fire!*"

He probably felt that I had added insult to injury.

His friend "Ethel," was singing Brahms's "Nightingale," when he listened attentively, and said,—

"I *like* that!"

On my remarking that I must mention to her what he said, he exclaimed, as if to himself,—

"I really must be careful!"

One of Mack's little boy friends owned, for a few days, a young paroquet. I told him that he must give the little bird a name. In a few hours he was calling it, "My Mackie." A few mornings later he came in early with the fateful news:—

"My Mackie got sick, and then he got dead. Papa put him in the ground, and put buttercups over him."

This was told with enthusiasm, as if it were a part of the story. No sadness, no

grief over the loss of the pet, whose taking off, he thought, was due to an over-fondness for potatoes and bananas.—*H. M. Knowlton*

THE HOME-LIFE OF THE AMERICAN EGRET.

Twenty years have passed since I saw in Florida my first egret, but I retain a clear-cut mental picture of the scene in which the bird's snowy plumage shone against a darkly wooded background with surprising whiteness. It seemed an ethereal creature, too pure for earthly existence, a veritable Bird of Paradise. Nor has subsequent familiarity in any way decreased this impression of a certain angelic quality, due, no doubt, to the dazzling purity of the bird's plumage as well as to the charm of its haunts.

It was the large egret (*Herodias egretta*) I saw. The snowy egret (*Egretta candidissima*) is a daintier, more exquisite bird, but, in nature, cannot always be satisfactorily distinguished from the young of the abundant little blue heron, while its much smaller size makes it a far less impressive figure in the landscape than its stately relative. Furthermore, the snowy egret's recurved plumes are more highly prized than the long, straight "aigrettes" of the larger species, and even twenty years ago it was a comparatively rare bird in Florida. To-day it is on the verge of extinction.

My experiences, therefore, have been with the larger egret. Long have I sought to find it at home under conditions suitable for reproduction in the series of "Habitat Bird Groups," in the American Museum of Natural History. A few nests were discovered here and there, but always, when a rookery ("heronry" is not used in the South) of promising size was reported, the plume hunters arrived first and word came that the "long whites have been all shot out."

Thus year by year the egrets have decreased in number. I miss the white gleam of their plumage in the dark cypresses and over the brown marshes. With them has gone one of the most distinguished figures of the Florida wilds. The State, learning the value of the treasure of which she has been robbed, has passed stringent laws prohibiting the killing of egrets. So, too, she has passed laws against pickpockets, but just so long as there are pockets worth picking there will be some one to pick them, and just so long as egrets' plumes are worth their weight in gold there will be some one to supply them, until, a passing fancy gratified, the last plume has found its way from the bonnet to the ash-barrel.

Without one promising lead to follow, I had virtually abandoned the egret hunt, when from an unexpected quarter word came of an egret rookery creditable to the days of Audubon. It appears that, when a vast territory was acquired as a game preserve by a club of sportsmen, it contained a few egrets, survivors of a once flourishing colony. After seven years of rigid protection, they and their progeny form so conspicuous an element of local bird-life that, on the evening of May 7, 1907, as I reached the region in which they lived, I saw them in dozens flying toward the still distant rookery.

The return at nightfall of birds to their nests, or to a certain roosting-place, is possessed for us of that interest which is attached to all the intelligible actions of animals. The knowledge that the creature has a definite plan or purpose seems to emphasize our kinship with it. So we mark the homeward flight of heron or of crow, and, knowing whither they are bound, travel with them in fancy to the journey's end. This has been a fatal habit for the herons. It mattered little how secluded was the rookery, the hunter found it simply by following their line of flight.

My way to the home of the white-plumed birds was less direct. For hours a little home-made tug, with a swelling wave at her bow, took me through a succession of bays, canals, cut-offs, and serpentine creeks, frightening the gallinules and blackbirds in the reeds, and surprising an occasional alligator on his favorite mud bank.

A night's rest, and in the morning the journey was resumed through park-like pine forests and under the moss-hung live-oaks, with every tree and plant by leaf and blossom, and every bird by plumage and voice, proclaiming the sweetness, beauty, and joy of May. Ten miles of spring's pageant brought me to the moat of the egret's stronghold. Here I entered a boat, to pass through an apparently endless flooded forest.

There are delights of the water and delights of the wood; but, when both are combined and one's canoe path leads through a forest, and that of cypress clad in new lace-like foliage and draped with swaying gray moss, one's exultation of spirit passes all measurable bounds. No snapping of twigs or rustling of leaves betrays one. We paddled so easily, so noiselessly, that we seemed as much inhabitants of the place as the great alligators that sank at our approach.

The fish hawks whistled plaintively, but settled on their nests as we passed below them; the wood ducks led their broods to

the deeper woods; pileated and red-bellied woodpeckers, crested flycatchers, tufted tits and glowing prothonotary warblers, at home in holes in the cypress; parula warblers weaving their cradles in the Spanish moss,—all accepted us as part of the fauna, and it was not until we reached the first dwellings of the rookery that our presence caused alarm.

Here, at the tops of the tallest cypresses, seventy to one hundred feet from the water, the great blue herons had built their broad platforms. With protesting squawks they stretched their legs, folded their necks, and took to the air, leaving their nearly fledged young to peer over the edge of the nest at the disturbing object below. With no less concern I looked at the disturbing object above. If the egrets had chosen similar nesting sites, they could be photographed only from a balloon.

Beyond the great blue herons was a settlement of the singularly marked yellow-crowned night herons. Their nests were within fifteen feet of the water, but they slipped away so quietly that only close watching showed them disappearing through the trees beyond. For two miles we paddled thus in a bewildering maze of sunlit, buttressed cypress trunks with shiny, round-headed "knees" protruding from the water, and with every branch heavily moss-draped. The dark waters showed no track, the brown trunks no blaze. We seemed to be voyaging into the unknown.

Finally, the environs were passed, and we now approached the most densely populated part of the rookery. Thousands of Louisiana and little blue herons left their nests in the lower branches and bushes, their croaking chorus of alarm punctuated by the louder, more raucous squawks of hundreds of egrets, as they flew from their nests in the upper branches. It was a confusing and fascinating scene, an admirable climax to the passage through the weird forest.

For a time I was content to sit quietly in the boat and revel in the charm and beauty of the place, my enjoyment unmarred by the thought that at any moment Satan, in the guise of a plume hunter, might enter this Eden.

The little blue and Louisiana herons nested at an average height of six to eight feet. One bush held no less than thirty-two nests, all of which contained eggs, few young of either species having yet been hatched. The egrets nested at an average height of forty feet. Eggs were in some nests, while in others there were nearly fledged young. While far less shy than I had before found them, the birds were still abundantly wary, and obviously could be observed to advantage only from concealment. After some search a group of nests was discovered which it was believed could be studied and photographed from a neighboring tree, distant some thirty feet. An umbrella blind of pale green cloth was therefore placed in the tree at a height of forty-five feet, and liberally draped with Spanish moss. It was arranged to fall over a limb which, for several hours during each of the three succeeding days, served as the perch from which my notes and photographs were made. I have had more comfortable seats, but few that were so enjoyable. From the concealment of the same blind it had been my fortune to watch flamingoes, pelicans, and many other ground-nesting birds at close range; but never before had I attempted to enter a bird colony in the tree-tops, and the experience was as exhilarating as it was novel. The little blue and Louisiana herons soon returned to their nests below, the former noisy and quarrelsome, calling at each other notes which sounded strangely like *tell you what, tell you what,* the latter less demonstrative and more quiet. The egrets did not accept the situation so readily. Seven pairs were nesting in the trees near me. Some had eggs, others young birds in various stages of development. Flying to and fro, with curved neck and streaming plumes, the parents inspected the blind for some time before they ventured to alight in the home tree. Then they came cautiously to the more distant branches, there to remain indefinitely, while uttering a protesting, rapid *cuk-cuk-cuk* with the regularity and persistence of a metronome. Their strong desire to return to their nest was expressed in an alertness which led them to make frequent changes of attitude. In a large series of pictures of waiting birds no two have that wonderfully expressive neck in the same position. It is remarkable how the pose of this member affects a heron's appearance.

Doubtless the young birds were not a little puzzled by the unusual reluctance of their parents to administer to their wants. In vain they uttered their frog-like *kek-kek-kek,* and stretched their necks hopefully. The old birds were not assured. So the young resorted to their customary occupations of leg or wing stretching, or yawning, or preening a brother's or sister's feathers, picking at imaginary objects here and there, all good exercises for growing birds. The larger ones made little journeys to the limbs near the nests, the neck taking a different

curve with every movement, and expressing every emotion from extreme dejection to alert and eager expectancy. Finally, as the old birds were convinced that the blind was harmless, their reward came. With harsh, rattling notes and raised crest one of the parents alit near the nest. Its superbly threatening attitude was clearly not alarming to the young birds, who welcomed it by voice and upstretched, extended neck. Gravely the parent stood regarding its young, while its crest dropped and its pose relaxed. Then, as it stepped to the edge of the nest, it lowered its head, when its bill was immediately seized by one of the youngsters. The young bird did not thrust its bill down the parental throat, nor was the parent's bill introduced into that of its offspring. The hold of the young bird was such as one would take with a pair of shears, if one were to attempt to cut off the adult's bill at the base. In this manner the old bird's head was drawn down into the nest, where the more or less digested fish was disgorged, and at once devoured by the young.

Three days passed before pictures were secured of this singular operation, which, so far as I am aware, has not been before described or photographed. Doubtless it is more pleasing to the young herons than to others less materially concerned, and I confess that I prefer to recall the egrets flashing white against the dark water, gleaming like snow on the sky, or raising their plumes in dainty coquetry, as the bird on the nest greets the approach of her partner. When spring returns, thanks to the vigilance of their guardians, I can so recall them, and with the assurance that new homes have been added to the settlement in the cypresses. *Frank Chapman, in Bird-Lore.*

[This article, from *Bird-Lore* for March and April, 1908, is illustrated in the magazine with fascinating pictures of these exquisite birds in their homes, on the Florida rivers. The price of the magazine is 20 cents, and this number is worth a great deal more. It is full of interesting articles.]

FANCIED HYDROPHOBIA.

Hydrophobia simply means the dread of water, which is met with, in greater or less intensity, in several nervous diseases. It may be brought on by strong emotion of various kinds. A schoolmaster, after a violent fit of anger, died in fifteen hours, with decided symptoms of hydrophobia. Fright will have the same effect. A man bitten by a dog which he believed to be mad had fearful attacks of hydrophobia, which ceased several months afterward on his learning that the dog remained in perfect health. A girl who witnessed a sudden brawl, in which the disputants fought with swords, was so terror-stricken that she was seized with hydrophobia and died. A woman whose companions had abandoned her alone in the fields all night was greatly terrified: next day she refused every sort of liquid and shortly died.

Hydrophobia has sometimes been subdued by a resolute will. Andrew Crosse, the famous electrician of England, was bitten by a cat, which died of madness on the same day. The wound healed, but three months after he felt great pain in his arm, attended by thirst. In raising a tumbler of water to his lips, a severe spasm closed his throat. The dreadful thought flashed on him that he was doomed to death by hydrophobia. He determined to escape if possible, and took his gun, to occupy his mind in hunting. His arm ached intensely, but he walked hard the whole afternoon. On reaching home he felt better, and was able to eat, and drink water The next day the pain had gone to the elbow, and the following day to the wrist, and then it left him altogether. The doctor said it was a clear case of hydrophobia, and might have proved fatal but for his active resistance.

A physician, at a hospital in New York, was called not long ago to a seventeen-year-old boy who, having been bitten by a dog, had become frightened by the apprehension of hydrophobia. He had convulsions, frothed at the mouth, and barked like a dog. The doctor succeeded first in quieting the attacks with soothing medicines, and sent him home as cured. A few days afterwards he was taken again as violently as ever. The doctor this time administered a sound spanking with a splint, such as is used in bandaging broken limbs. This stopped the barking in short order; but it returned in a short time, when a second spanking effectually checked the imaginary disease, and in five days he was sent home cured.

It is not surprising that an aversion to water should have been occasionally induced by the bite of men and animals that were not mad. Malpighi records the case of his mother, who became hydrophobic after having been bitten by her daughter in an epileptic fit. Cases are not rare in which, when one person has bitten another, the person bitten has been attacked, and has sometimes died, apparently of canine madness. The most singular instance is that of a young man

twenty-nine years of age, who bit his own finger in a violent fit of rage, and in four and twenty hours became so hydrophobic that at the very name of water he fell into strong convulsions. The above facts (which might be considerably multiplied) are very important to reassure timid persons that a passing repugnance for liquids does not necessarily imply the existence of true canine madness. It is curable, and has often yielded, not only to judicious medical treatment, but to mere moral remedies.

Dr. Whittaker examined closely into the question whether hydrophobia can be generated in the human body without any outside communications, and he stated that he was supported by the most eminent of recent authorities in declaring that many cases of hydrophobia are not due to infection by contact and absorption of a specific virus, but are rather cases the result of mere emotion. "They are due to mental anxiety, grief, or terror, associated with or acting upon a morbid fancy." And, further, "Fatal cases have occurred in a man without the bite of any animal at all; the mere belief that a bite has been received from a rabid animal has sufficed to induce violent hydrophobia; while, on the other hand, the bites of dogs reputedly mad have been frequently followed by no symptoms whatever." Trosseau mentions having met with a number of cases simulating this disease, but really arising from mental impressions.

It would seem that popular fancy alone has made hydrophobia a great terror in certain communities. Rabies, and the possibility of a human being contracting it, are worthy of serious consideration, yet genuine cases of that kind are very rare. The so-called "mad dogs" shot in the streets of our cities during the heated term are, in very few cases, if any, suffering from rabies. This terrible disease does not develop suddenly, like the common fits which may be produced by various causes. Rabies takes time to reach the dangerous stage, and few dogs, if properly cared for, could develop it without their owners knowing that the sickness is something serious.—*George Bancroft Griffith, in Our Animal Friends.*

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

(*Continued from the June number.*)

"It has already survived serious perils and vicissitudes. By Shakespeare's will it was bequeathed to his sister Joan, Mrs. William Hart, to be held by her, under the yearly rent of twelvepence, during her life and at her death to revert to his daughter Susanna and her descendants. His sister Joan appears to have been living there at the time of his decease, in 1616. She is known to have been living there in 1639,—twenty-three years later,—and doubtless she resided there till her death, in 1646. The estate then passed to Susanna, Mrs. John Hall, from whom in 1649 it descended to her grandchild, Lady Barnard, who left it to her kinsmen, Thomas and George Hart, grandsons of Joan. In this line of descent it continued, subject to many of those infringements which are incidental to poverty, till 1806, when William Shakespeare Hart, the seventh in collateral kinship from the poet, sold it to Thomas Court, from whose family it was at last purchased for the British nation. Meantime the property, which originally consisted of two tenements and a considerable tract of adjacent land, had, little by little, been curtailed of its fair proportions by the sale of its gardens and orchards. The two tenements—two in one, that is—had been subdivided. A part of the building became an inn, at first called 'The Maidenhead,' afterward 'The Swan,' and finally 'The Swan and Maidenhead.' Another part became a butcher's shop. The old dormer-windows and the pent-house disappeared. A new brick casing was foisted upon the tavern end of the structure. In front of the butcher's shop appeared a sign announcing 'William Shakespeare was born in this house. N.B.—A Horse and Taxed Cart to Let.' Still later appeared another legend, vouching that 'the immortal Shakespeare was born in this house.' From 1793 till 1820 Thomas and Mary Hornby, connections by marriage with the Harts, lived in the Shakespeare cottage,—now, at length, become the resort of literary pilgrims,—and Mary Hornby, who set up to be a poet, and wrote tragedy, comedy, and philosophy, took great delight in exhibiting its rooms to visitors. During the reign of this eccentric custodian the low ceilings and whitewashed walls of its several chambers became covered with autographs, scrawled thereon by many enthusiasts, including some of the most famous persons in Europe. In 1820 Mary Hornby was requested to leave the premises. She did not wish to go. She could not endure the thought of a successor. 'After me the deluge.' She was obliged to abdicate; but she conveyed away all the furniture and relics alleged to be connected with Shakespeare's family, and she hastily whitewashed the cottage walls. Only a small

part of the wall of the upper room, the chamber in which 'nature's darling' first saw the light, escaped this act of spiteful sacrilege. On the space behind its door may still be read many names, with dates affixed, ranging back from 1820 to 1729. Much of Mary Hornby's whitewash, which chanced to be unsized, was afterward removed, so that her work of obliteration, proved only in part successful. Byron, Scott, Thackeray, Kean, Tennyson, and Dickens are illustrious among the votaries here and thus recorded. The successors of Mary Hornby guarded their charge with pious care. The precious value of the old Shakespeare cottage grew more and more evident to the English people. Washington Irving made his pilgrimage to Stratford, and recounted it in his beautiful 'Sketch Book.' Yet it was not till Mr. Barnum, from the United States, arrived with a proposition to buy the Shakespeare house and convey it to America that the literary enthusiasm of Great Britain was made to take a practical shape, and this venerated and inestimable relic became in 1847 a national possession. In 1856 John Shakespeare, of Worthington Field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, gave £2,500 to preserve and restore it; and within the next two years, under the superintendence of Edward Gibbs and William Holton of Stratford, it was isolated by the demolition of the cottages at its sides and in the rear, repaired wherever decay was visible, set in perfect order, and restored to its ancient self.

"The builders of this house must have done their work thoroughly well, for, even after all these years of rough usage and of slow but incessant decline, the great timbers remain solid, the plastered walls are firm, the huge chimney-stack is as permanent as a rock, and the ancient flooring only betrays by the scooped out aspect of its boards, and the high polish on the heads of the nails which fasten them down, that it belongs to a period of remote antiquity. The cottage stands close upon the margin of the street, according to ancient custom of building throughout Stratford; and, entering through a little porch, the pilgrim stands at once in that low-ceiled, flag-stoned room, with its wide fireplace, so familiar in prints of the chimney-corner of Shakespeare's youthful days. Within the fireplace, on either side, is a seat fashioned in the brick-work; and here, as it is pleasant to imagine, the boy-poet often sat, on winter nights, gazing dreamily into the flames and building castles in that fairyland of fancy which was his celestial inheritance. Nothing else in this room detains attention, and you presently pass from it by a narrow, well-worn staircase to the chamber above, which is shown as the place of the poet's birth. An antiquated chair, of the sixteenth century, stands in the right-hand corner. At the left is a small fireplace, made in the rectangular form which is still usual. All around the walls are visible the great beams which are the framework of the building,—beams of seasoned oak that will last forever. Opposite to the door of entrance is a threefold casement (the original window), full of narrow panes of white glass scrawled all over with names that their worshipful owners have written with diamonds. The ceiling is so low that you can easily touch it with uplifted hand. A portion of it is held in place by an intricate network of little laths. This room, and, indeed, the whole structure, is as polished and lustrous as any waxen, royal hall in the Louvre, and it impresses observation very much like old lace that has been treasured up with lavender or jasmine. These walls, which no one is now permitted to mar, were naturally the favorite scroll of the Shakespeare votaries of long ago. Every inch of the plaster bears marks of the pencil of reverence. Hundreds of names are written here—some of them famous, but most of them obscure, and all destined at no very distant day to perish where they stand. On the chimney-piece at the right of the fireplace, which is named the 'Actors' Pillar,' several actors have inscribed their signatures. Edmund Kean wrote his name here,—probably the greatest actor that ever lived,—and with what soulful veneration and spiritual sympathy it is awful even to try to imagine. Sir Walter Scott's name is scratched with a diamond on the window,—'W. Scott.' That of Thackeray appears on the ceiling, and close by it is that of Helen Faucit. 'Vestris' is written near the fireplace. Mark Lemon and Charles Dickens are together on the opposite wall. Byron wrote his name there, but it has disappeared. The catalogue would be endless; and it is not of these offerings of fealty that you think when you sit and muse alone in that mysterious chamber. As once again I conjure up that strange and solemn scene, the sunshine rests in checkered squares upon the ancient floor, the motes swim in the sunbeams, the air is very cold, the place is hushed as death, and over it all there broods an atmosphere of grave suspense and hopeless desolation,—a sense of some tremendous energy stricken dumb and frozen into silence, and past and gone forever."

So much at present for Mr. Winter's description.

Mrs. Walton, the hostess of "The Olde Vicarage," is so kind, and the house so pleasant, that to stay there was more like visiting a friend than boarding. With two other guests I formed an interesting acquaintance. But one of the pleasantest experiences of the week was becoming acquainted with Mrs. Flower, the wife (or now the widow) of Mr. Flower, the Shakespeare scholar. Mrs. Flower lives in a most beautiful place, on the banks of the river and very near the church where Shakespeare was buried. I ventured to send her my card, for we had some friends in common, and she very kindly invited me to tea the next afternoon. We took tea in the conservatory, one of the most charming places I was ever in. The chief thing I remember is the great tall campanulas in masses, purple and white, in the corners of the room where we were: they were six or seven feet high. Another thing that surprised me was the gooseberries that we had for tea. They were as large as cherries. Mrs. Flower noticed my admiration, and sent round some the next day.

The kindest thing that she did for me was to give me a note of introduction to Mr. Brassington, the guardian of the Shakespeare Memorial Building. I took luncheon at her house, one day; and her niece and I walked together to the building.

Mr. Brassington had just written a book, containing all that had been discovered about Shakespeare, up to almost the date of my visit to Stratford. I had read this book as soon as I arrived in Stratford. It was lying on the table in Mrs. Walton's drawing-room. People are fond of saying that "very little is known about Shakespeare"; but as a matter of fact a great deal is known, more than of many authors of his time. Mr. Brassington expects to discover more, however. Every now and then old papers are brought in to him; and he examines them; finding sometimes things that throw a little light on the time and place, if not on Shakespeare himself. He showed us a great heap of old manuscripts which had recently been brought in, from the Clopton family; these were lying on the floor of his study in a huge pile. These papers are sifted twice before they come to Mr. Brassington. He would never get through them if he had to do it all alone. It must be thrilling to feel on the point of making some important discovery all the time. He told us that visitors to Stratford often informed him that "very little is known about Shakespeare"; to which he quietly responds, "We think we have learned some things." Others arrive with the idea that "there never was any such person as Shakespeare," and that the plays were written by Bacon; but it is hard to keep up that theory, in the face of all that is seen and heard at Stratford.

Some things were new to me; for instance, that Shakespeare had a son, named Hamnet (not Hamlet), who died a boy. The grave of this child is not known. But the house where lived the twin sister of Hamnet, Mrs. Judith Quiney, is shown, and the house of the other daughter, who married Dr. John Hall. This is a long, low, old-fashioned building very pretty, and very near Mrs. Flower's home, the beautful "Avonbank." But after Shakespeare's death Susanna Hall inherited her father's house, "New Place," and probably lived there.

Memorial Hall is fortunate in having such a guardian as Mr. Brassington; and the house called Shakespeare's Birthplace, which belonged to his father, and which is full of interesting relics, is fortunate also, for the lady who shows that off is an ideal "showman." She treats every visitor as if he or she were a personal friend, and as if it caused her the greatest possible happiness to show all the treasures of the place. More than that, it is as if they had been just discovered, and as if you were the very first person to whom she has had the opportunity of exhibiting them. Long life to her! I have most ungratefully forgotten her name. L. F. C.

A LETTER: OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

WHY?

Had I the gifted pen of a successful writer I should devote much of my writing to the endeavor of awakening people to a realization of the sufferings of the dumb beasts. Were I rich, a greater portion of my wealth would be devoted to the amelioration of their condition. But it is little that money can do unless the people all individually are awakened. My heart has ached with the injustice borne by the animal creation, and my brain is filled with wonder at the callousness of humanity to it. It has seemed strange that there could be laughter or mirth anywhere as long as the brutes were so ill-treated.

Once a lovely, sweet-dispositioned friend related brutalities she had witnessed, and, when I asked if it did not make her ill and unhappy, she replied, "Oh, no: of course I was sorry, but nothing of that kind could affect my spirits." It was beyond my understanding, though I loved her well, and I thought

it was because she had never suffered mentally or physically; for I believe that only those who have suffered keenly feel keenly the suffering of others, be they people or animals.

When will there be more justice and mercy? Why is there not more said about it? Why, oh! why do not able men lecture about it, and why do not ministers preach about it?

The earth is fair and beautiful, but the blot of unnecessary suffering overshadows everything, everywhere. People pass it in the streets, roads, everywhere, with unseeing eyes,—horses whose every day is a martyrdom,—sore shoulders, raw necks, stiff legs, crippled hoofs, and the recipients of harsh language and abuse constantly, and no one's heart aches for the misery. Why is it? And, if one lowly soul does yearn over them in anguish daily, of what avail is it to the poor beasts for whom she would give her life gladly, could it help them one iota. Why do not ministers teach their people that true mercy and kindness are necessary if they would save their souls? Would they need to be constantly inquiring about the state of one's soul if every soul treated justly and fairly and reasonably every beast owned by each individual? Would not the soul be safe if mercy were its foundation? Could a merciful soul be lost?

I have seen a man who was a strict church member, and who would not work on the Sabbath, whose horses stood in mortal terror of him, and were frightfully abused, overworked, underfed, and constantly lashed all the week. But he is confident of "going to heaven."

How can a man work and overwork a team all day, beginning the day very early, and when night has come tarry in a saloon to drink and visit, while the hungry mule-team waits and waits until patience is exhausted, and it starts for home, which enrages the owner, who beats every individual animal over the head for knowing more than he did, that it was past time to go home? How can he expect a heaven to be waiting for him? Yet he does.*

How can such things be? Why do not their ministers teach them differently? Why are not boys taught that kindness to the dumb beasts is as essential as honesty? How can we expect anything but cruel men if boys are allowed cruel sports,—terrible ones that I could mention? What have the mothers been doing in the past, and why are they still heedless regarding such things?

Many times it has seemed that the only way in which a change would come would be by arousing the mothers to raise better boys, and then we should have better men and better government.

Most men who own horses, cows, etc., exercise no reason whatever and blame and punish them for what they themselves are to blame for, and expect a horse to understand more than the owner would in the horse's place. If one tries to remonstrate with them about it, he brings hatred on his head, though that would matter little if any good were accomplished.

It is a hard problem, this of making your fellow-man better. As Tennyson says, "He shall have weight to drag you down." Ah, yes, but God knows how hard it is to drag any one up to a higher level! And why is it?

It would seem that it were only common sense, which we are all supposed to have, to be just and merciful. But, alas! "common sense is called common by common consent; but it is the scarcest commodity in the market."

I feel as Amélie Rives does,—that, if there is no heaven for horses, she wants none herself.

I have read somewhere that "Life is a phantasmagoria of happy illusions and cruel disillusions, of luring shadows and their ugly realities." In youth everything seems fair, but, once disillusioned, something is lost never to be found again, and there is an undertone of sadness that laughter can never reach or dispel.

Could I but arouse others to feel as I feel, others gifted with pen or oratory to wield an influence toward justice for the animal creation, my heart would be lightened of an intolerable load, more burdensome because of my inability to do what *must* be done. No one should rest in perfect happiness and content until vivisection and all the other nameless cruelties become things of the past. One man who owns many teams has horses working whose necks, where the collar rests, are worn down in the raw flesh two or three inches. His daughter is the happiest of the happy and has every luxury. How can one enjoy luxuries at such a price!

O mothers, train your boys to be merciful, and not to allow cruelties to exist around them, and not to allow anger to scatter their reason and kindness at the same time. Can you not do this? And if not, why?—*Blanche Hammill.*

[The editor has mislaid the address of the friend who sent her this letter, and would be glad to have it. Something may be done

*He thinks "heaven" is a place. Heaven is love, mercy, and unselfish work for others.

in the line of Humane Education by sending the writer of the letter the leaflets and papers printed in the interest of animals, papers such as our *Four-footed Friends* and *Our Dumb Animals*. This is one of the objects for which the Cheerful Letter Exchange was founded.]

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

Sarah Freeman Clarke to James Freeman Clarke.

SUNDAY, Dec. 14, 1839.

Did you say, my dear James, that because you were married you must have more letters? Well, you are mighty unreasonable, that is all that I can say about it; for heretofore pitying your lonely condition, I have treasured up all the Athenian gossip that came in my way for you, and now you still want more of the same stuff.

Doth Miss L. G. mention in her letters to Frances aught of our cracks about the Heathen Gods with Margaret Fuller? "Homer, Venus, and Nebuchadnezzar,"—she has contrived to tell us some good stories about them, and is wonderfully appreciated of her companions, who put questions to her such as none but the Sphynx should answer, and which indeed she will not attempt to solve. But, *en passant*, she often says the finest things. One lady was insisting upon her sex's privilege to judge of things by her feelings, and to care not for the intellectual view of the matter. "I am made so," says she, "and I cannot help it."

"Yes," says Margaret, gazing full upon her, "but who are *you?* Were you an accomplished human being, were you all that a human being is capable of becoming, you might perhaps have a right to say, 'I *like* it, therefore it is good'; but, if you are not all that, your judgment must be partial and unjust if it is guided by your feelings alone." Thus she speaketh plainly, and what in her lies; and we feel that, when she so generously opens her mind to us, we ought to do no less to her,—

"Compelling us to match her noble worth."

But for myself I cannot go more than once in a fortnight, for I find it too much to give up of my precious time which is now my most valuable possession and which I had rather have a week of than all the dividends that the factories refuse to pay us.

I have got the old library turned into an excellent painting room, and I spend there the whole of each day. My English colors have arrived and are better and cheaper than I get here, and I have got me a palette "of broad circumference, massy, large, and round," indeed, made after Mr. Allston's pattern, so that I can no longer complain of adverse circumstances in the way of my picture making. My only trouble now is that I feel in such a hurry to paint *all* those pictures which have been hoarded in my brain for years that I scarce can stop to attend to any one in particular: my thoughts begin to concentrate themselves on that, and the others retreat for the time into their dark corners. But it was a tumult among them at first I promise you, each struggling to come first. I can scarce say, and am astonished to find how much I owe Mr. Allston. I have always had a sort of desperate and headlong method of my own, which ever led me into such deep bogs and rocky defiles that I could not get out again, and I am now pleased to find that this path was not very far from the true road on which I have, as I think, at last got.

Mr. Allston's method is simple in the extreme, and therefore susceptible of so high a finish. Having a good foundation, you may build your edifice and finish it utterly according to your thought, and so does he. But I hate to tell much about this till I have done something of it,—even with you, my dear brother,—so we will change the subject.

I have already written to you on the subject of our diminished incomes and thank you for what you propose doing. Grandmother cannot bear the thought of taking anything from you; but, if they cannot send us more from Chicago at present, we must e'en take it. Fortunately, our expenses are exactly limited, and we have now nearly a hundred dollars in the house.

I knew it would be a balm and consolation to Sam that —— had made a mistake for once, for there was no end to the lectures on prudence and minding the opinion of the world that he has inflicted on our brother of late, and all with the best intentions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ACCOUNT BOOKS.

(*Continued.*)

But, if you don't know how much it takes to feed and warm the family with comfort, how can you order supplies so as to have plenty on hand, and yet not waste as much as you use? If ten dollars a week is all your father can afford to pay for groceries and fuel, how can you be sure you are not spending more than you can pay, or that you get all

the pleasant living you might out of that sum? This kind of wisdom makes a woman a good manager, and she will keep a family well dressed, with a good table and a trifle to spare, for the same money on which a family of poor contrivance is always pinching and running behind. I don't want you to learn to save for stinginess' sake, but that you may have all the good and pretty things money and labor can bring you. I well remember the sense of control over affairs it gave me to find that it was possible to calculate the quantities and cost of housekeeping as exactly as the yards of lining and trimming to make a dress. Now here are some things you want to make note of:—

One-third of a ton of coal should keep fire all day in a stove or open grate one month, and you must allow that amount for the cooking range ten months in the year. In summer many families contrive to do most of their baking and roasting the same day the ironing is done, and only light the range that day, cooking by a kerosene stove the rest of the time.

Good management will have enough left from the three tons for the range to last for this summer fire. A No. 8 furnace should burn night and day on half a ton a month, and a large one takes not over one ton a month when well managed. A large base burning stove run night and day to full heating power needs not over half a ton. One-half cord of pine and the same of dry oak should be kindling enough for range, furnace, and two extra fires one year. Now, find how many fires you need to keep in the house, and the price of fuel, and calculate how much you must order in a year, and what it will cost. Find out how much actually is used in the house in one year, and see whether it is less or more than the estimate. Your father can tell you what the coal and kindling bills amount to in a twelvemonth, and, if it is more than half a ton a month for each full fire, there is waste going on which ought to be stopped, and it will be your work to save that waste. If you can have just as good fires and just as warm rooms by burning ten dollars less in coal in a year, that ten dollars can go toward new books, pictures, or new china and furnishings. I advise every boy and girl twelve years old and over to learn how to build and keep fires in furnace, range, grates, or stoves with the least waste of fuel, for it is knowledge certain to be useful. A man once told me his kitchen range used two tons of coal a month, although it was the same size as my own, which used only half a ton to do the same work. There were twenty-four tons of coal wasted in doing the work of six; and, as coal was then six dollars a ton, there was over a hundred dollars thrown away just as if he had tossed the bank notes into the fire. I think you will agree with me that there is more fun to be had out of money than to send it up chimney in this way.

Now as to food. How much of each kind is enough for each person daily or weekly? You must learn something about this, or you will be alternately providing too much and having it spoil on your hands, and then scrimping to make up for it. Never waste, never stint, is the good housekeeper's rule, and the most wasteful, extravagant people are sure to be the meanest in many matters.

An experienced woman will tell you that in a family it is safe to allow, for each person to consume in a week, one-quarter to one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of coffee, two pounds of sugar, four pounds of meat, and three loaves of bread in some shape, beside one-third of a pound of wheat or oatmeal, fruit and vegetables not being counted.

Now, as you wish to live expensively or moderately or economically, as suits your income, you can decide whether to allow Philadelphia butter at seventy-five cents a pound, Mocha at forty-five, prime cuts of beef at forty and sixty cents a pound, as they cost in cities, or the best country butter at thirty-five cents, sirloin and chops at twenty-five cents a pound, and Java at thirty-five, which are common prices. Or if, as you do, Anna Maria, you wish to spare as much money for pretty things and good times in other ways, you must learn thrifty ways of buying supplies of just as good quality at the seasons when they are cheapest, and in quantities when they are always lowest in price. You can have a better table, with more variety than most families, at a great deal lower cost, for nothing is less understood among Americans than how to make the most of food. I see plain families sitting down to salt fish and potatoes for dinner three or four times a week, because meat is high, and they do not know how to serve a daintily browned steak from a cheap cut, or braise a bit of soup beef till it looks and eats as well as sirloin roast, or to make a rich and savory stew out of "trimmings" of meats. They never can afford venison or game, though by watching the market they would sometimes find these as cheap as any meat, and they don't use maple syrup or comb honey or peach butter or quince marmalade, and a dozen other nice things they might have if they knew how to buy supplies cheaply, as they should. For you must give your folks ample variety, Anna Maria; not so much at one

meal, but exchange from day to day if you want them well and strong and good humored. The human system needs variety, and you will find, as a rule, that the food which relishes best, nourishes best. What does a doctor order to make an invalid gain strength but game, chicken, broths, ice-creams, jellies, white grapes, and things which taste good because they *are* good. And to keep your people sound, merry, and well, you want to give them just as good food as you can afford, plenty of it, and in variety. As I have told you, good food is not always what we call rich food, which generally means over-rich in butter or fat, eggs, wine, or spice. Yet it should be rich in some of these things to a degree, rich in nourishment for nerves and brain, phosphate for bones and teeth, fat to keep us warm and round the limbs, and gelatine to lessen the waste of the body in work. Poor cooking robs food of these qualities more or less. Poor food has lost them, to begin with. Nice baked pears have fat and heat-making carbon in their rich syrup as truly as a slice of bacon or beef; but, if the pears are woody and tasteless to begin with, or are baked watery or dried, the nourishment is out of them, and you might as well eat sawdust and sweetened water. Bread has phosphates and strength-feeding elements, but, if it is "slack-baked" or "sad," you turn it into such stuff that only the strongest stomach gains anything from it.—*Mrs. S. D. Power, "Anna Maria's Housekeeping."*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

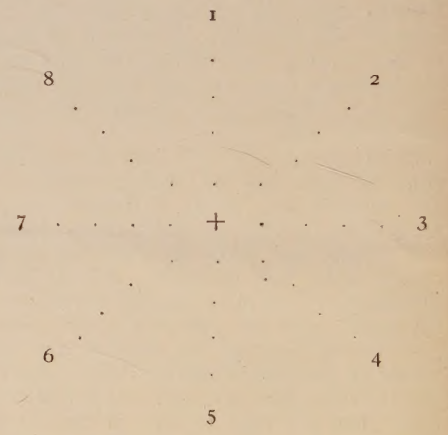
INDEPENDENCE DAY NECESSITIES.

1. A powerful submarine weapon of offence.
2. A destroying element, and an accompaniment to an oyster-stew.
3. An ancient civilization, and a feeble means of light.
4. A woman's toilet necessity, and a part of a wagon.
5. A color, and the means of warmth.
6. The chief implement of warefare.
7. A two-wheeled vehicle, and the peak of a house.
8. Where Nature's wealth is stored.
9. A kind of stone used in paving.
10. Bardolph's companion in King Henry IV.
11. One kind of head-gear.
12. What a wise mother does not do to her baby.
13. A carnation with u instead of i.
14. A musical organization, and a long lapse of time.
15. An Irishman's name, a disorderly uprising, and an intellectual fad.—*Selected.*

II.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.



1. An American coin. 2. A painter's frame for holding a canvas. 3. A number. 4. An officer in certain churches. 5. To enrich. 6. A minister to a foreign government. 7. Upright. 8. To escape.

III.

TRANSPOSED WORDS.

1. Transpose to rescue, and get an ornamental urn.
2. Transpose an era, and get a small coin.
3. Transpose a wild animal, and get tall coarse grass.
4. Transpose a fruit allied to a lemon, and get a measure of distance.
5. Transpose anxiety, and get a contest in running.

IV.

SUBTRACTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wager. Answer, Be-l-t, bet. The

subtracted letter is not always in the middle of a word.

1. Subtract fifty from frigid, and leave a fish.

2. Subtract one thousand from a level shaded walk, and leave entirely.

3. Subtract five hundred from to challenge, and leave a part of the verb to be.

4. Subtract one hundred from light conversation, and leave a covering for the head.

5. Subtract one from physical torture, and leave a shallow, open vessel.

V.

DOUBLE CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(Requires two words for the answer).

In Maryland, but not in Kentucky.
In California, but not in Vermont.
In demean, but not in lactose.
In ice, but not in water.
In son, but not in care.
In normal, but not in sedge.
In nones, but not in home.
My whole gives the names of two Presidents of the United States.

Answers to puzzles in the June Number.

I. CONNECTED TRIANGLES.—Upper Triangle: 1. Bleat. 2. Lean. 3. Eat. 4. At. 5. T. Middle Triangle: 1. Great. 2. Roan. 3. Eat. 4. An. 5. T. Lower Triangle: 1. Cleat. 2. Loan. 3. Eat. 4. An. 5. T.

II. WORD PUZZLE.—Sutter, ulster, luster, rulest, lurest, result.

III. HEROES AND HEROINES.—1. Last of the Mohicans. 2. Heart of Midlothian. 3. Pickwick Papers. 4. Mill on the Floss. 5. Langford of the Three Bars. 6. Janet of the Dunes.

IV. AN ACROSTIC.

KENILWORTH
LUXEMBOURG
HARRISBURG
ABBOTSFORD
DISAPPOINT
PARLIAMENT
YOUNGSTOWN
WOONSOCKET
DIPHTHERIA
WASHINGTON

The address of the Audubon Society is 234 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass. By writing to the Secretary, Miss Jessie E. Kimball, leaflets may be obtained, giving information in regard to plumage the wearing of which is prohibited by law in Massachusetts.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Editor ventures to call attention to the paragraph on the last page of the *Cheerful Letter*, in regard to the rule forbidding correspondents to send begging letters, and asking members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange not to respond to such letters.

Unless members comply with this rule, great harm must inevitably follow.

In the first place, it is *difficult* to distribute gifts of clothing or money, even in our own neighborhood, without doing harm. Charity workers are familiar with the dangers and evils, inseparable from anything of this kind.

But, when the object of benevolent action is at a distance, the dangers and difficulties are so much increased that the part of wisdom is sometimes to abstain altogether.

The object of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is: to give cheer and encouragement; to inculcate a simple practical religion; to aid young persons, remote from schools and colleges, to acquire the more essential branches of education.

Do our members wish to give up this object, and to devote themselves instead to sending barrels of old clothing to professional beggars? "Certainly not," they would say; but they see no harm in sending the barrels *also*. Yet see how it works.

Every time we send a barrel of clothing to a poor neighborhood, the neighbors of the recipient hear of it. Probably that one barrel attracts requests from three or four other persons, who desire to join the society for the especial object of sending in *their* requests. Let this system continue unchecked, even a year or two, and we shall become a *Society for the Encouragement of Begging*, instead of a Cheerful Letter Exchange; and we shall be so utterly swamped by requests from all parts of the country that we shall be crushed, and come to an end.

This, however, is not the worst. It is hard to investigate the objects of charity near at hand, and discriminate between the worthy and unworthy. When the investigation is to be carried on by those living in a different State, the difficulty is in all cases greatly increased: sometimes it becomes an impossibility.

The Editor is glad to say that at present the wearing, or *having in possession* the plumage of many kinds of birds is against the law in Massachusetts, and punishable by fine. Several persons have already been arrested and fined for infringing this law. EGRET PLUMES ARE AMONG THE PROHIBITED ARTICLES.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor regrets very much the unavoidable delay in the issue of this double number. It was caused by having to write several times to the Post-office authorities, in order to obtain permission to omit the August number (the July number having 24 pages instead of 12), and then by making certain changes, in paging, and in entering the paper as "monthly except August." We had hoped to have the paper out by July 1.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, to whom all communications should be sent.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Sometimes an appeal is made in our Book Club, which receives a large response, fifteen or twenty people sending books to the writer. Yet she stands on our record as having received nothing, and others who propose to send to her are encouraged to do so.

The next person on our list may really have received nothing as yet. The only way to equalize the distribution of books is to keep an approximate record of all that are sent. May we hope to secure for this end the co-operation of the Branches?

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.